

The Tioga County Agitator.

Published every Wednesday morning and is sent to subscribers at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per year, always IN ADVANCE.

The paper is sent postage free to county subscribers, though they may receive their mail at post-offices located in counties immediately adjoining, for convenience.

The Agitator is the Official paper of the Co., and circulates in every neighborhood there. Subscriptions being on the advance-pay system, it is sent to subscribers at the interest of advertisers to reach. Terms to advertisers as liberal as possible, and by any paper of equal circulation in Northern Pennsylvania.

A cross on the margin of a paper, notes that the subscription is about to expire.

Papers will be stopped when the subscription time expires, unless the agent orders their continuance.

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Will attend the Courts of Tioga, Potter and McKean counties. (Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1884.)

JOHN S. MANN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Conduitsport, Pa., will attend the several Courts to Potter and McKean counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. He has the agency of large tracts of good settling land and will attend to the payment of taxes on any lands in said counties. (Jan. 28, 1884.)

DICKINSON HOUSE,
CORNING, N. Y.
MRS. A. FIELD, Proprietor.
GUESTS taken to and from the Depot, free of charge. (Jan. 1, 1884.)

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE,
CORNER OF MAIN STREET AND THE AVENUE,
Wellsboro, Pa.
J. W. BIGONY, Proprietor.
THIS popular Hotel, having been recently and re-furnished throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house. (Jan. 1, 1884.)

IZAAK WALTON HOUSE,
Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.
H. C. VERMILYEA, Proprietor.
THIS is a new hotel located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pennsylvania. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the travelling public. (Jan. 1, 1884.)

WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY!
Repaired at BULLARD'S & CO'S. STORE, by the subscriber, in the same place and at as low prices as the same work can be done for, by any first rate practical workman in the State.
Wellsboro, July 15, 1883. A. R. HAYS, Y.

WELLSBORO HOTEL,
B. B. HOLIDAY, Proprietor.
THE Proprietor having again taken possession of the above Hotel, will spare no pains to secure the comfort of guests and the travelling public. Attentive waiters always ready. Terms reasonable. Wellsboro, Jan. 21, 1883-4.

A. FOLEY,
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c., &c.,
REPAIRED AT OLD PRICES.
POST OFFICE BUILDING,
NO. 5, UNION BLOCK.
Wellsboro, May 20, 1883.

E. R. BLACK,
BARBER & HAIR-DRESSER,
SHOP OVER C. L. WILCOX'S STORE,
NO. 4, UNION BLOCK.
Wellsboro, June 24, 1883.

FLOUR AND FEED STORES,
WRIGHT & BAILEY.
HAVE had their mill thoroughly re-aired and are receiving fresh ground flour, feed, meal, &c., every day at their store in town. Cash paid for all kinds of grain.
Wellsboro, April 29, 1883.

Wool Carding and Cloth Dressing.
THE subscriber informs his old customers and the public generally that he is prepared to card wool and dress cloth at the old stand, the coming season, having secured the services of Mr. J. W. FLETCHER, a competent and experienced workman, and so in, tending to give his personal attention to the business, he will warrant all work done at his shop.

Wool carded at five cents per pound, and cloth dressed at ten to twenty cents per yard, as per color and finish.
J. L. JACKSON.
Wellsboro, May 6, 1883-4.

MARBLE SHOP.
I AM now receiving a STOCK of ITALIAN and RUTLAND MARBLE, (bought with cash) and am prepared to manufacture all kinds of TOMB-STONES and MONUMENTS at the lowest prices. HARVEY ADAMS is my authorized agent and will sell Stone at the same prices as at the shop. WE HAVE BUT ONE PRICE.
Tioga, May 20, 1883-4. A. D. GLE.

JOHN A. ROY,
DEALER IN DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
Chemicals, Varnish, Paints, Dyes, Soap, Perfumery, Brushes, Glass, Putty, Toys, Fancy Goods, Pure Wines, Brandies, Gins, and all the best of the medicinal use. Agent for the sale of all the best Patent Medicines of the day. Medicines warranted genuine and of the

BEST QUALITY.
Physician's Prescriptions accurately compounded. The best Petroleum Oil which is superior to any other or burning in Kerosene Lamps. Also, all kinds of Oils usually kept in a first class Drug Store.

FANCY DYE COLORS in packages, ready compounded, for the use of private families, are sold at low prices for medicinal compounds.
Wellsboro, June 24, 1883-4.

Insurance Agent.
THE Insurance Company of North America have appointed the undersigned an agent, at Tioga County and vicinity.

As the high character and standing of the Company give the assurance of full protection to owners of property against the hazard of fire, it is not surprising that a liberal share of the business of this county. This company was incorporated in 1794. Its capital is \$300,000, and its assets in 1861 as per statement let Jan. of that year was \$1254,719 81.

CHARLES PLATT, Secretary.
ARTHUR G. COFFIN, President.
Office of the Company 232 Walnut Street Philadelphia.

Wm. Buchter, Central Agent Harrisburg, Pa.
JOHN W. GUERNSEY,
Agent for Tioga County, Pa.
July 15, 1883.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
[For the 5th District, Pa.]
AND
Mansfield Classical Seminary.

Rev. W. D. TAYLOR, A. M., Principal.
Mr. J. W. COCHRAN, Asst. Principal.
Mrs. H. S. TAYLOR, Pres. of Sem. Press.
Miss H. A. FARNSWORTH, Asst. Principal.
Assistant and Teacher in Music School.

The Fall Term of this Institution will open Sept. 24. The Winter Term, Dec. 24. The Spring Term, March 16th, 1884. Each term to continue for thirteen weeks.

A Normal School Course of study for graduation, embracing two years, is adopted. Students for the Normal Course, and for the Classical Department, are solicited.

For particulars, address Rev. W. D. TAYLOR, Mansfield, Tioga County Penna. Send for a Circular.

President of the Board of Trustees.
WM. HOLLAND, Secretary.
Mansfield, August 3, 1883.

THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. X. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 3, 1884. NO. 23.

Select Poetry.

WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW?

Why am I so weak and weary?
See how faint my heated breath,
All around seems dark and dreary,
Tell me, comrades, is this death?
Ah, how well I know your answer,
To my fate I'll meekly bow,
For I will only tell me truly,
Who will care for mother now?

CHORUS:
Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow,
I have for my country fallen,
Who will care for mother now?

Who will comfort her in sorrow?
Who will wipe the falling tear?
Gently smooth her wrinkled forehead,
Who will whisper words of cheer?
Even now I think I see her,
Kneeling, praying for me—how
Can I let her be so long?
Who will care for mother now?

Soon with angels, &c.

Let this knapsack be my pillow,
And my mantle be the sky;
Hasten comrades to the battle,
I will like a soldier die.
Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow,
I have for my country fallen,
Who will care for mother now?

Soon with angels, &c.

AN AWFUL DISASTER IN CHILL.

From the Valparaiso Mercury, of Dec. 17.

A catastrophe, gigantic, horrible, unexampled in the annals of our country, and perhaps of the world, has absorbed every one's mind for many days past.

We will use the utmost brevity in relating the calamity to our foreign readers.

Ever since the newly-invented mystery of the Immaculate Conception of Mary, was declared at Rome, in 1857, the church of the Company, formerly belonging to the Jesuits, had become the focus of devotion of a vast sisterhood called the Daughters of Mary, in which, on payment of so much a year, almost all the women of our capital were enrolled.

Every year, from the 8th of November to the 8th of December, the day of the Immaculate Conception, lasted a splendid festival, in which orchestral music, singing, and astonishing prodigality of incense, of lights of oil, liquid gas, wax, and every luminous combustible in the world, glittered and flared in every part, in the cornices, in the ceiling, and particularly on the high altar. Every night the church blazed with a sea of flame, and fluttered with clouds of muslin and gauze draperies. It could only be lighted up in time, by beginning in the middle of the afternoon, and the work of extinguishing was only ended when the night was far advanced. In 1858 they thought of adopting hydrogen gas, but the engineer's plan, although convenient and safe, was rejected.

A priest named Ugarte, whose mind morbidly marked for his own, headed that sisterhood from the beginning, and worked his way down to such a depth of superstition, that one of his last extravaganzas was the invention of a celestial post office trick, by which the Daughters of Mary might correspond with the Virgin in writing. At the entrance of the temple the Virgin's letter-box was constantly open, and there persons of a robust faith deposited in sealed letters their wishes and their prayers. Every Wednesday, that letter-box for eternity was placed before the high altar, and Ugarte, who acted as postman between the Mother of God and her daughters, exhibited to the divinity those offerings—of course keeping that singular correspondence to himself.

This same mountebank got up a religious raffle for the favor of the Virgin—in a recent instance two prizes being drawn by a skeptical Minister of State and a woman whose character was not dubious.

The old times of Pagan idolatry had resuscitated in the center of exaggerated Catholicism.

The church of "the Company," built in the latter half of the seventeenth century possessed a special nave, but a roof that dated only from fifteen years ago of painted timber. The only door of easy access to the congregation, was the principal one in the center, the small doors leading into the aisles being opened only half-way and obstructed by screens. Near the high altar there was a small door communicating with the sacristy.

A few minutes before seven in the evening of Tuesday, the 8th of December, more than 3,000 women and a few hundred men knelt in that church, crammed to overflowing. However, that did not prevent a compact mass of fanatics from attempting to fight their way in from the Mary, and no one could bear to lose the closing sermon of the priest, Ugarte, who always succeeded, by his exciting declamations, in drawing in tears that place so soon to be a sea of fire. Then Ezaguirre, the Apostolic Nuncio and favorite of Pius IX, the founder of the American college at Rome, was to preach also. It is said that Ugarte, wounded in his feelings as chaplain of the "Daughters of Mercy," because Ezaguirre had told him that the illuminations of his church could not be compared with what he had seen in Rome, exclaimed with enthusiasm, "I will give him, when he comes to preach, such an illumination as the world has never seen." Nobody can deny that Ugarte has kept his word.

Indeed, the lighting of all the lamps and candles had hardly finished, when the liquid gas in a transparency on the high altar, set on fire its wood work, and wrapped in flame a fire of tabernacle wholly composed of canvas, pasteboard and wood. In less than two minutes, the altar, about twenty-three yards high and ten broad, was an inextinguishable bonfire.

The advance of the fire was perhaps even more rapid than the panic of the audience. When the fire had flown from the altar to the roof, the whole flock of devotees rushed to the principal door. Those near the lateral doors were able to escape at the first alarm; others, and particularly the men, gained the little door of the sacristy; and lastly, those near the chief outlet, forced their way through the throng, even still struggling to get in, and in deed part of which did get in, even in the face of the fire, stimulated by the desire of getting a good place, which on this occasion meant a good place to die in. Then, the flames having crept along

the whole roof, and consequently released the lamps of oil and liquid gas from the cornices to which they were strung, a rain of liquid blue fire poured down upon the entangled throngs below.

A new and more horrible conflagration broke out then in that dense living mass, appalling the affrighted gaze with pictures tenfold more awful than those wherein the Catholic imagination has labored to give an idea of the tortures of the damned. In less than a quarter of an hour, two thousand human beings had perished—inclinging many children, but very few men.

Although many heroic men performed prodigies of daring and strength in tearing some from the death-grasp of the phalanx of death that choked the door—in some cases literally tearing off their arms, without being able to extricate themselves—the number of saved by this means falls short of fifty. More than five hundred persons of our highest society have perished—the greater part young girls of fifteen to twenty years. One mother has perished with her five daughters. Two-thirds of the victims were servants, and there are many houses in which not one has escaped. Several houses have been noted by the police as empty, because all their inhabitants have perished.

The people think of nothing but the victims and their obsequies. All with one voice demand the demolition of the ruinous walls of the fatal temple, and the offering of a monument to the dear memory of the martyrs. The municipal body solicited this, by the medium of a commission on the 12th, and the Government is resolved on compliance. Resistance is threatened on the part of the clergy; but such exasperating and indecorous folly would infallibly call forth a general rising of the people.

The past fortnight has produced no other occurrences worth chronicling, and even if it had, they would not seem deserving of mention in this night of heavy anguish.

During the last week, the tribunals and the Government itself have suspended their labors. The people only weep, and their public writers could only offer tears to the nation's mourning.

SANTIAGO, Dec. 14, 1883.

Before three o'clock in the afternoon, the hour appointed to petition the President of the Republic for the demolition of the walls of the church of "the Company," a numerous and select meeting of all the social classes had collected in the open space in front of the ruins. The decree of demolition having been signed by His Excellency, Don Guillermo Matta ascended to the upper story of the Congress House, and thence addressed the people, reading the decree promulgated a few hours before, and calling for a viva for His Excellency, which was enthusiastically given by the immense assembly that filled the square.

The orator proceeded then to protest, in the name of religion and humanity, against those who attempted to qualify as sacrilegious the people's longing for the demolition. "To wreak its revenge on us," he added, "superstition tries to lash and goad the ignorant passions of the rabble into violence; but its feeble efforts are in vain, because we have never strayed from the great principles of pure religion. Fanaticism spreads its murky nets against the happiness and peace of society. Let us quench its firebrands, with the sincerity and nobleness of our intentions."

THE OFFERING UP OF THE EVENING SACRIFICE.

A dreadful visitation has fallen upon us. Truly this is a day of trouble and rebuke and blasphemy. The voice of lamentation is heard all over the land—the bitter weeping of fathers, husbands and lovers, for those who were the joy and brightness of their life—that refuses to be comforted because they are not.

Hundreds of young girls—yesterday radiant and beautiful in the luxuriant bloom of the fresh, hopeful spring of life—to-day, caloused, hideous corpses, horrible, loathsome to the sight, impossible to be recognized.

The 8th of December was a great triumph for the clergy of the Church of the Jesuits in Santiago. An enthusiastic audience filled every nook. There were hardly any men there, but 3,000 women, comprising the flower of the beauty and fashion of the capital, were at the feet of the ecclesiastics, very many against the will of fathers and husbands; but that, of course, only showed forth the power and might of the gospel.

Never had such pyrotechny been seen before—20,000 lights, mostly camphene, in long festoons of colored globes, blazed the church into a hall of fire.

But the performance had not yet begun, when the crescent of fire at the foot of the gigantic image of the Virgin over the high altar, overflowed, and climbing up the muslin draperies and pasteboard devices to the wooden roof, rolled a torrent of flame.

The suddenness of the fire was awful. The dense mass of women, frightened out of their senses—numbers fainting, and all entangled by their long swelling dresses, rushed as those who knew that death was at their heels, to the one door, which soon became choked up. Fire was everywhere. Streaming along the wooden ceiling, it flung the paraffine lamps, hung in rows there, among the struggling women. In a moment, the gorgeous church was a sea of flame. Michael Angelo's fearful picture of Hell was there, but exceeded.

Help was all but impossible. A Hercules might have strained his strength in vain to pull one from the serried mass of frenzied wretches who, piled one above another as they climbed over to reach the air, wildly fastened the gripe of death upon any one escaping, in order that they might be dragged out with them. Those who longed to save them, were doomed to bear the most harrowing sight that ever seared human eye-balls.

To see mothers, sisters, tender and timid women, dying that dreadful death that appeals the stoutest heart of man, within one yard of salvation, within one yard of men who would have given their lives, over and over again, for them—It was maddening;—the screaming and wringing of hands for help, as the remorseless flames came on; and then, save when some already dead with fright, were burst in glisty indifference, their horrible agony, some in prayer, some tearing their hair and battering their faces.

Women seized in the embrace of the flames, were seen to undergo a transformation as though by an optical delusion, first dazzlingly bright, then horribly lean and shrunk up, then black statues, rigidly fixed in a writhing attitude.

The fire, imprisoned by the immense thickness of the walls, had devoured everything combustible by ten o'clock. Then, defying the sickening stench, people came to look for their lost ones.

Oh, what a sight the fair placid moon looked down upon! Close-packed crowds of caloused, distorted forms, wearing the fearful expression of the last pang, whose smile was once a heaven, the ghastly phalanx of black statues twisted in every variety of agony, stretching out their arms as if imploring mercy, and then of the heap that had choked up the door, multitudes with the lower parts perfectly untouched, and some all a shapeless mass, but with one arm or foot unsentient.

The silence, after those piercing screams were hushed in death, was horrible. It was the silence of the grave, unbroken, but by the bitter wail or fainting cry.

Two thousand souls had passed through that ordeal of fire to the judgment-seat of God.

Heroic acts of sublime daring have not been wanting. Enduring gratitude has been excited in every Chilean heart, by the gallant efforts of Mr. Nelson, the Minister of the United States, his countryman, Mr. Meiggs, and several other foreigners. There were generous men who defied the fury of the flames to save lives, and some of these died martyrs to their noble hearts.

An Englishman or American, it is unknown which, was seen to rush through the flames, to seize in his powerful arm a lady, stride with her a little way, and then, his hair in a blaze and choked with smoke, fall back into the volcano, never to rise again. A young lady, named Orella, having in vain implored some bystanders, on her knees, to save her mother, rushed in, and shortly afterward miraculously issued forth, bearing her glorious load.

A young lady of the name of Solar, just before the smoke suffocated her, had the presence of mind to knot her handkerchief round her leg, so that her corpse might be recognized.

The population of Santiago, as a people and so priest-ridden, is fired with indescribable indignation at the monstrous conduct of the priests. The public conscience holds them guilty of the death of all those victims—and particularly the mountebank Ugarte, because by collecting together all the material most likely to produce a fire—a countless number of lights, pasteboard scenery and muslin hangings, admitting a vast crowd—and covering the one door open with a screen, they took every pains to bring about this tragedy. When the fire broke out and people were escaping by the sacristy, they blocked up this door to devote themselves the more undisturbedly to saving their gim-cracks. The list of things saved makes one's blood run cold. What the priests saved, what they have put away in cigar shops and the houses in front are—a gilt image, some wooden saints, a sacred sofa or two, some books, chalices, silver candlesticks, and a great deal of sacred matting and carpet!

After saving their trash, these specimens of the good shepherds that give their life for their sheep, flew away in company with the owls and bats that infested the ancient walls, except that one priest favored the agonizing victims with his absolution, and Ugarte requested them to die happy, because they went direct to Mary. They then forsook the scene, and in that awful night, when fainting women and desperate men strewn the streets, and writhing forms, that a few hours ago were graceful and beautiful maidens, moaned and died in chemists' shops, not a priest was to be seen to whisper a word of Christ's comfort to the dying ear, or hold the precious crucifix before the glazing eye.

No, not so, for the Priest of Nature was there, a ministering angel in the dark hour, tended and soothed as usual. One young lady, God bless her! tore up all her underclothing to make bandages, and bound up the wounds as only woman can. All this awful night, the only thing that reminded of the clergy was the incessant tolling of bells, about the only thing they could do to increase the horrors of the scene.

This being the third time that this church has filled our homes with weeping, all with one voice demand that it never should be rebuilt; but the priests, foolishly defiant and despotic as ever, threaten to let off their miserable mediocrity pop-pops, at those they term the sacrilegious alienators of holy ground.

Their audacity has even led them to attempt an appeal to violence.

On the 11th they appeared on the scene to take possession of the blackened ruins, and in spite of public opinion, by dropping masses for the souls whose bodies they had destroyed; but the sentinels drove them off with the butt ends of their muskets.

The contempt and horror of these priests increase with their insolence and inhumanity.

They preach that the irreparable loss of so many of the fairest and most virtuous of Chile's virgins and matrons, is a special mercy and miracle of Mary, who wished to take them at once, without delay, to her bosom. One monster exclaimed openly at that which has stamped eternal grief and horror on our hearts, "Because Chili wanted a supply of saints and martyrs."

O, as we write, our eyes fill with tears—nothing can console us in this affliction—we can think of nothing else but our loss of those who will never come back to us;—but still there will have ensued some good, if the dark degrading dominion of the priests has melted away in the smoke of that awful burnt sacrifice, which, laden with the dying breath of 2,000 victims, rolled up to accuse Ugarte and his accomplices of murder before the throne of God.

COLERIDGE, the poet and philosopher, once arriving at an inn, called out, "Waiter, do you dine here collectively or individually?" "Sir," replied the knight of the napkin, "we dine at six."

A MAN cannot burrow in his counting-room for ten or twenty of the best years of his life, and come out as much of a man and as little of a mole as when he went in.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM THE FAR WEST.

Trip to Denver—the Country and Scenery—Suffering on the Plains—Growth of Denver, and its Vices—A Gay Holiday—Dull Trade—High Prices, &c.

DENVER CITY, C. T., Jan. 1, 1884.

Dear Agitator:—It is almost a month since I last wrote you from Latham; and having a desire to spend at least one holiday in the great Rocky Mountain Metropolis, yesterday morning I took a seat in the overland coach, and after a ride of nineteen hours, reached here, at half-past three this morning. The distance from Latham here, is about sixty miles; yet the trip seemed to me to be about two hundred and fifty. The weather has been terrible cold, and it has snowed and drifted so there are no signs of any road—and we have had to come on a walk most all the way.

Between Latham and this city, there are three changes of mules—at Big Bend, Fort Lupton, and 14 mile station. In the summer months, or when there is no snow, there can be no better road on earth. The soil is of coarse gravel, and the roads remind me of those thro' Central Park in New York. Leaving here, the road follows the south fork of the Platte all the way, though in some places it is five miles off, leaving the stream at the right. The country, except near the river, is rolling prairie, and the soil so sandy that nothing but buffalo grass and cactus plant will grow.

I do not like the country at all, between Julesburg and Latham, a distance of one hundred and forty miles. Aside from the Platte river, there is little to be seen but sand banks and sand hills. Along this stream, there is very little scenery worth looking at; and everything looks alike, until you get a sight of the Mountains, which are visible over a hundred miles. Twelve miles from Latham, away to the right of Big Bend, we have a view of Fort St. Vrain, the county seat of Weld county, and fifteen miles farther, we pass the ruins of Fort Lupton, erected nearly thirty years ago, out of soil, as a protection against the hostile Indians. Here we begin to notice good farms, in the valley of the Platte, and some fine ranches, the owners of which are reaping a rich harvest from the freights that are constantly traveling the plains.

The oldest inhabitants and freights, who have been out here for years, say that this is the hardest winter ever experienced in this country. The snow is from one to three feet deep; and so cold has been the weather, that thousands of cattle have died, and the road is completely lined with the dead carcasses, which make good living for the wolves, that are always roving about on the plains. Hundreds of cattle have died from starvation. The price of hay out here having advanced to \$75 per ton, there are any amount of men low and mean enough to sell their hay and let their cattle starve to death. What is there to mean for a man to do, who will sell his last pound of hay, and let his poor dumb brutes, that are nothing but living skeletons, starve before his face and eyes?

This is my eleventh arrival in this place; and in less than a year, I have travelled about fourteen thousand five hundred miles on a stage coach, and have been out on the road about one hundred and thirty days, making an average of a trifle over one hundred and eleven miles a day.

There has been a wonderful change here since I left this place, on the 12th of last August. At that time, in the main business portion of the place, the ruins of the great fire last spring would stare at a person everywhere; but now, large and magnificent brick blocks greet the eye on every corner. One can hardly believe that such a wonderful town has sprung up in the short space of five years; yet such is the case; and the place bids fair to rank, some day, with some of the large eastern cities.

The wealth of the Rocky Mountains, or Pike's Peak region, that is so fast becoming developed, will warrant the building of a large city here; and with such a start as Denver has at the present day, she can bid defiance to any town that may hereafter spring up in this immediate vicinity. Situated as beautifully as it is, with the clear sparkling waters of the Platte so gently gliding through it, the lofty peaks in the mountains frowning down upon it, that really seem but a short walk from here, with stages from Santa Fe, Atchison, Salt Lake, California, and the Gregory gold mines, coming in every day, it seems that the place must soon become something more than an ordinary town.

There are probably but few places of the size and population of Denver, where vice is so extensively practiced as here. Gambling houses are upon every street, and gambling is here carried on to perfection. Every few steps, on any street we pass, is a grog shop, or a house of prostitution.

This is a gay day for the people of Denver. I never saw the sleighing better; and hundreds are out in sleighs, cutters, jumpers, sleds, and every conceivable thing that can have runners attached to it. Sleighting is a rare and precious "institution" in this city; and the jingling bells every minute remind me of the many happy hours I have spent in Wellsboro; though I have not ridden on a sleigh a mile for the past seven years.

Business here this winter, I am told, is very dull, and never so many poor people suffering. There is but little building going on, and consequently no demand for laborers. People who are willing to go into the mountains and work in the mines, can get good wages; but this is the wrong country for a man, unless he is willing to turn his hands to anything. Flour sells for \$12 per hundred; corn meal \$12; buckwheat flour, \$15; potatoes, \$6 a bushel; butter, eighty cents per pound; eggs, \$1 per dozen; wood, \$12 per cord, though it has sold within the last month for \$25.

In spite of the hard times, two theatres are in full blast, well filled, and occasionally give a "benefit" for the poor and suffering. All places of amusement here are pretty extensively patronized. Every one who can "raise the wind," is bound to see the "elephant."

F. A. R.

The phrase "down in the mouth" is said to have been originated by Jonah about the time the whale swallowed him.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	12 MONTHS.
1 Square,.....	\$3.00	\$4.50	\$6.00
2 do.	5.00	6.50	8.00
3 do.	7.00	8.50	10.00
4 Columns,.....	8.00	9.50	12.50
1 do.	15.00	20.00	25.00
1 do.	25.00	35.00	40.00

Advertisements not having the number of insertions desired marked upon them, will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices, Constables and other BLANKS, constantly on hand.

Miscellany.

THE JAPANESE.

A "Traveller," in a letter to the London Times, says:—

"I can assure you, if we go to war with the Japanese, we must not blind ourselves with the belief that we shall have a second Chinese affair. They are bold, courageous, proud, and eager after every kind of knowledge. A friend of mine gave a workman a Bramah lock to put on a box; it was not discovered until some time afterward, and only then by the absence of the name, that the lock had been intimated, and as the workman confessed, the original key as a pattern. I have been on board a steamer (paddle) which used three years ago to run between Nagasaki and Jeddo, six hundred miles, whose engines and boilers and every part of her machinery, were made of copper. She was built by a doctor in Jeddo, whose only guide was a Dutch description of a steam engine translated into Japanese. An American gunnery officer was sent over in 1853, in the Powhatan, to teach them gunnery. He was courteously received, and then taken over the arsenal at Jeddo. He returned to the ship, saying 'he had been taught a lesson instead of having to teach.'"

"In many of the arts and manufactures they excel us; their beautiful castings in bronze would puzzle the most experienced European workman. I have shown specimens to clever workmen who confessed they could not imitate them. Though they do not know how to blow glass, I have seen samples which would rival in brilliancy any made in England. The French Minister had a large ball, so clear and of such perfect color that he believed it to be a gigantic sapphire, and bought it for a good round sum. Their paper imitations of leather are perfect; their paper water-proof coats are bought by the captains of ships for their exposed boats' crews; their own clocks are good; and they have imitated our watches; they walk about with 'penometers' attached to their belts, and they are not backward in copper plate engraving and perspective. Their china is far superior to the Chinese. The country abounds with coal, though they only use that found close to the surface; but, even that, a sort of bituminous shale, is good. In gold and silver I believe they could rival Mexico and Australia; iron, copper and tin are found in profusion. A friend of Yokohama gave a Japanese piece of English cotton shirting; in a few days the man brought back two pieces, and my friend had much difficulty in saying which was his, so closely had it been imitated. In fact they are a people who want for nothing but teachers."

Noon in a Brazilian Forest.

An almost death-like quietude reigns, but it is a quietude induced by the furnace-like heat of the vertical sun, whose rays pour down with direct fierceness, from which there is no shadow, except actually beneath some thick tree, such as the mango, whose dense and dark foliage affords an absolutely impenetrable umbrella in the brightest glare. Such, too, is the smooth-barked mangabeira, a tree of vast bulk, with a wide-spreading head of dense foliage, beneath which, when the sun strikes mercilessly on every other spot, all is coolness and repose. The birds are all silent, sitting with panting beaks in the thickest foliage; no tramp or voice of beast is heard, for they are sleeping in their coverts. Ever and anon the seed capsule of some forest-tree bursts with a report like that of a musket, and the scattered seeds are heard pattering among the leaves, and then all relapses into silence again. Great butterflies, with wings of refulgent azure, almost too dazzling to look upon flap lazily about the glade, or alight on the glorious flowers. Little brightly-eyed lizards, clad in panoply that glitters in the sun, creep about the parasites of the great trees, or rustle the herbage and start at the sounds themselves have made. Hark! There is the toll of a distant bell. Two or three minutes pass, another toll! A like interval, then another toll! Surely it is the passing toll of some convent, announcing the departure of a soul. No such thing; it is the note of a bird. It is the campanello, or bell-bird of the Amazon, a gentle little creature, much like a snow-white pigeon, with a sort of soft fleshy horn on its forehead, three inches high. This appendage is black, clothed with a few scattered white feathers, and being hollow and communicating with the palate, it can be inflated at will. The solemn clear bell-note, uttered at regular intervals by the bird, is believed to be connected with this structure. Be this as it may, the silvery sound, heard only in the depth of the forest, and scarcely ever except at mid-day, when other voices are mute, falls upon the ear of the traveller with a thrilling and romantic effect. The jealously reclusive habits of the bird have thrown an air of mystery over its economy, which heightens the interest with which it is invested.

How Powder is Made.

In these days when "villainous saltpetre" is so active, it may be interesting to read a brief account of the process of its manufacture:

The actual composition of powder is seventy-five parts saltpetre, fifteen of charcoal, and ten of sulphur. The saltpetre is quite impure when first mined, and has to be prepared by a peculiar process. The charcoal is also prepared with great care, and is made wholly from soft woods. Dogwood is used for the best sporting powder, alder and willow being employed for government and blasting powder. The sulphur mostly comes from Sic